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we had a pleasant visit. She told me that John had gotten permission to be excused from school at 1 PM because he had an appointment with me at City Hall. I was pleased that I was an official excuse from school. At 1 PM I met John at City Hall and we went to the Library and I introduced John to Miss Muldoon, of course they knew each other, but it was only appropriate and correct that I introduce them, given the fact that an historic moment was about to take place: the CRCCH was about to present to the CPL and the CHS a copy of the 1939 WPA volume that John found in City Hall. We presented the volume and Miss Muldoon was pleased, very pleased, and that was that. I decided that since it was such a nice day that I would rake Memorial Park, so John and I went to the Street Department office out behind City Hall (where the Columbia Hose Company used to stand--between City Hall and the M&M bank) and procured two bamboo rakes and an iron rake and went into Memorial Park and began raking. We started on the Main Street side of the Park, and before 15 minutes had passed, a major event was going on in downtown Carbondale. We literally stopped traffic. People were stopping and saying how nice it was to see us doing what we were doing. We were clearly the focus of many eyes in downtown Carbondale on a sunny day in April. Hardly had we begun when the City crew drove the payloader across the street and the goons from the city street crew got in on the act. They were shamed into helping and they loaded up lots of the crud that accumulated in Memorial Park during the Winter. Pete Judge, Mary Milligan, Jimmy Spall, Joe Kohut, and a delegation from City Hall stood in front of City Hall and watched--some were in the building and some were outside. I have never had such fast--and gratifying--feedback from Carbondale. It was truly amazing. The Columbia Hose truck had to get in on the act, as well. The truck was backed out of the station and flexed its mussels, as it were. The ladder went up and the truck was given a kind of Spring exercise after a winter of being inside, as it were: like a bear coming out of its cave and stretching in the spring air. Maybe that is something that the truck does once a week, I don't know. But the timing was such that it appeared to be a response to the commotion in Memorial Park. I dashed across the street and phoned the NEWS from the pay phone in front of the City Hall and reported to Sam Mancuso that a "major miracle" was taking place in Memorial Park, and he was excited and said that he would tell David. Earlier in the day, Sam refused to take my money when I asked to buy a couple of back issues of the NEWS. He likes me and I like him. He gets things done. From what David and others have told me, he is what keeps the NEWS in operation. He is out soliciting ads for the NEWS with great enthusiasm. He walks everywhere. Smokes cigars. Knows everyone. I like him. A little while later Barbara Wroblewski appeared and identified herself and asked if she could take some pictures. Naturally. She photographed John and I as we raked in front of the Civil War Monument and the city crew was in the background. It may be an extraordinary photograph and it would be nice if it is published in the NEWS. The city crew disappeared and I continued and John continued to rake. David came by at one point and he enjoyed hearing of our triumph in the Park and was on his way to other matters around town. When John and I finished raking we took the rakes back to Mary Milligan and she remarked how good it was to see the Park in order and also that it had never looked so good. Very nice of her to say so, and it is true of course. As we raked I blew up balloons and gave them to the kids who came by. Also, John and I hoisted a bunch of balloons up the flag pole. It was very festive and many people noticed it, i.e., the bunch of balloons. I asked John to go into City Hall and see if he could find a flag that we could fly on the poles in the Park. None was available. The one in the display case in the Lobby is one that was draped over someone's coffin or some such and can not be flown. Apparently word got around City Hall that we were looking for a flag, for as John and I raked, John Langan came into the Park and introduced himself to us and said that he would get a flag for the Park. He is the Recreation Director of

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the City. He told us that Russell Park was in fine shape--all set for the baseball season. I know exactly what he was trying to do: cover up his guilt at not having done anything to Memorial Park by telling us what he and his crew had done--clean up Russell Park. He was very much on the defensive and he knew that we were holding all the cards. I didn't make him any more uncomfortable than he already was, even though I could have made him squirm. He was guilty and he knew he was guilty and that was enough. He has promised to procure a flag and get it to the Committee or to John, whose name and phone number he took down in a little book that he carries. The Memorial Park raking session was a complete victory for us. I enjoyed it all enormously. We returned the rakes to Mary Milligan (the City crew went home at 3 PM, naturally) and they seemed to think that we would not give them the rakes back. Now I ask you, would such civic minded citizens as ourselves steel the City's rakes! I couldn't decide if they wanted to get the rakes back at 3 PM because they did not want us visibly doing their job any longer than necessary or because they were frightened that we would steal their rakes. At any rate, I assured the city crew that we would return the rakes, and so we gave them to Mary Milligan, who was very nice to us when we did. John then suggested that we walk over and look at the roundhouse. Terrific idea, said I. I called WSP and said that I would meet him at the Hendrick side of the viaduct at 5:30 and John and I set out for the roundhouse. John gave me the complete tour and we had a grand time. WSP met us at the appointed time and looked peculiarly at me when I announced that I had a new treasure--one of the glass cubes, 9" square and 6 inches thick, that are used as building blocks--thousands of them are in the roundhouse. My penchant for collecting. It's a very nice glass cube. WSP knew, without being asked, that I would ask him if we could give John a ride home, which we did. Home to supper and relaxation. I was starved. The evening was very relaxing. WSP and HLRP nodded off and on at the television went on an on. WSP slept through Rukeyser and I didn't wake him because I didn't want to embarrass him for having fallen asleep. On Saturday morning I didn't want to get up at all. It was snowing and cold and I was extremely tired. No, it was not snowing on Saturday morning, it was raining. On Sunday morning it was snowing. I got up and got ready to go into town: shovel, rake, gloves, masks, and meet my colleagues at City Hall. When I arrived (the car wouldn't start and WSP drove me in in the jeep) David and John Buberniak were in front of the building. As I arrived John Revak materialized from somewhere. We went up and decided to throw down all the pigeon manure from the clock level and from the level immediately below that, which is what we did. It was dusty, excruciatingly taxing work. We all unquestionably engaged in our labor of love, and we had a good time doing so. We were drawn together by the task at hand, like people in a life boat, whose task is to stay alive until help comes. Our task was to endure this hideous task and be done with it. We stopped for lunch: DJB went to his house to put some clothes in a dryer, John Revak went home and JVB and I went to McDonnells. John had a hamburger and french fries and I had the "salad bar" and that was fine and later on David joined us and we went back to our task for a couple more hours in the afternoon. David had to leave: he was driving to somewhere in New York that PM, and John Revak had to leave. John and I finished up the job and now levels five and six are nice and clean and one feels that progress in the cleaning operation is being made. We cleaned up and John and I went up to the Post Office, only to find that we had missed the closing, actually we didn't go to the Post Office directly: we went across the street to the Columbia Hose Company to return their flashlight and we chatted with Tom Brennan for about 45 minutes and then we went up to the Post Office. Tom reported that the Hose Company will soon put up the ladder and cut off the pieces of loose tin that are hanging from the clock tower. That will be fine. It just occurs to me that I forgot to report that Jean Colville suggested that we get one wall of the building cleaned for Pioneer Days--maybe the wall just outside the